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This is meant to be level on level, layer on layer, like insides of mountains, but I only have so many, & when something takes over, I drop a little lower, my guts drop too, and days I could reach out for you have gone. Well, I call that level hell.

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from *Apparition Poems: 1558*

[Adam Fiedel](#)



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To cut right to the bone—
there is no bone in this,
it's mirrors, echoes, bits,
more than play, less than

life, but anything limiting
this needs to be chucked
like fruit rinds into a bin,
any arbitrary signifier that

knows itself to be arbitrary
can *work* as mirrors, echoes,
bits, if you have faith that
what's ineffable counts, is.



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This little bourgeois runt has had enough of feeling weak. He's running five miles a day, eating raw eggs, seeing three shrinks, shagging his wife most nights, loving his kids, digging into his work like never before (and oh what important work it is), and, if he may say so himself, become such a lunatic that if they have to scrape his remains from the bottom of the Schuylkill, he won't be surprised. All to rebel against impinging poverty, because the world is crumbling. Not with a bang but with a whimper, he gulps down a beer with dinner, where he preened and postured like a winner with everything knotted in his stomach. If he were raised to be rugged, he'd still be dead.

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from *Apparition Poems: 219*

[Adam Fiedel](#)

Everyone always looks forward to a fight if they've planned the fight themselves—they'll brave the anticipated death, shake the anticipated curse, wake to hear Gabriel's trumpet when it resounds like manna as they are already grave-bound. But nobody has ever known what to do about slow decay, gradual erosion, slow-motion entropy, the kind of shit that actually happens. You wake and half a handful of things have turned to shit, then three months of peace, then the same thing again. What this "I" has learned is that not everybody wins, not everybody lives, if you've got it in you to live you can still get killed, and deathly morons pull up a winning ticket for twenty more years of grand larceny. The lesson is that there is no lesson. What you can learn is to let go of it, everything, and let Gabriel play Miles ad infinitum.

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